

Good Morning 626

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

ALL IN THE PICTURE FOR A.B. LESLIE SMITH



WE'RE sorry we missed you by so few hours when we called at 134 Ambleside Drive, Thorpe Bay, Southend, A.B. Leslie Smith; if we had only known we might have called earlier.

As it is, there is not much news we can give you; but we did get a photograph, which we think you will like. Cora absolutely in-

sisted on being in the photograph, as you will see, and, of course, Sandra insisted on having her doll with her.

Once again, Leslie, sorry we called just those few hours too late, but the family photograph will catch up with you, wherever you may be, and will recall your leave at home. So good luck!

"Let Glasgow Flourish" is the motto of the Second City in the Empire and **STUART MARTIN**, after a visit to the Home Town, decides that nothing on earth can prevent Glasgow from flourishing into a centre of prosperity, perhaps second to none

YOU'VE got to beware when you visit Glasgow. It is no ordinary city. It is the Second City in the Empire and the first in the thoughts of all good Glaswegians, and that, as the saying is, means a mouthful.

The motto of Glasgow is "Let Glasgow Flourish," and they have a fish in the coat of arms, a fish standing on its tail with a ring in its mouth. But that has nothing to do with the patron saint, St. Mungo. Nor are there any fish in the Clyde up by the Broomielaw. You've got to go down to the estuary of the river before you meet fish, and there you sometimes see porpoises.

I discovered, too, that the whole motto of Glasgow is not just "Let Glasgow Flourish." There is an additional phrase, "by the preaching of the Word." But as one busy business man said to me near the Municipal Chambers, "whether or no." That settled it.

The fact is that Glasgow thought the war was far away when it began. A municipal spokesman said that there would not be any bombing of Glasgow; and the next thing that happened was that Nazi planes swept overhead, blotted out a swathe of Dumbarton Rd. and elsewhere, and tried to mop up a railway, but missed every time. You can still see the

accomplish. The small, like-bottom animals are really plankton, floating microscopic organisms but it took Glasgow scientists to do the job. Isn't that a contribution to the Food Problem of the present and the future? Aye, aye.

And, man, look at the colossal electric power project of the Hydro-Electric Board in Loch Sloy district. If this goes through, in spite of the several objections to the development, it will revolutionise not only Glasgow, but all Scotland.

There is nothing that Glasgow can't do if it makes up its mind to do it. When people outside the Second City scoffed, the authorities, many years ago, linked up Loch Katrine and made it into an inexhaustible reservoir. Now, Glaswegians drink Loch Katrine, and like it. Man, it goes well with whusky, or without whusky for that matter.

Mind you, to the visitor it is a perpetual puzzle why the Glasgow pubs, should shutter up half their windows and make their bars almost secret places. There has been argument about that raging for years.

Some people think that if the bars were opened and had plenty of light both inside and out there might be a bit less drinking in secret. They say, these people, that to enter a Glasgow pub, is to be impressed with a strange, unwarranted sense of guilt.

The anti-pub. people reply

tartly that if you go into a pub at all you SHOULD have a sense of guilt. Aye, aye, Well, it's part of the life, and Glaswegians should know best.

Man, on New Year's Day, a red-letter one in the Scottish calendar, the B.B.C. Home Service ignored the national festival. Hoots an' awa! Is that treatment worthy of neighbours? Is that proper respect for Scottish history and customs?

Well, there won't be any revolt. I can tell you that. And when you hear all these silly jokes about Scots and Glasgow don't you take them too seriously. Man, the Scots make the jokes themselves against themselves! It takes a strong nation to do that.

Even if there are no trees in all Glasgow—or maybe one in Sauchiehall Street—there are plenty in the suburbs, and you don't need to go far before you come up against some of the most romantic spots in all Britain. There is no other city in the world that has such "amenities," and there is no other city that caters better, in normal times, for tourists and holiday-makers.

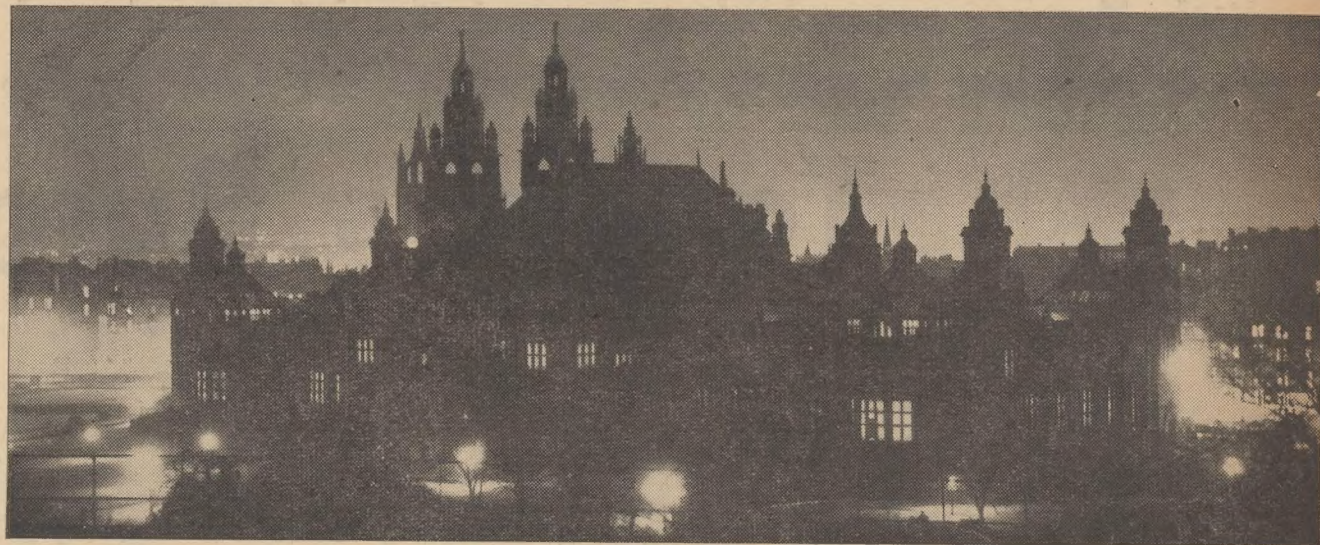
They built fleets of paddle-boats there, and all the way down to Dumbarton, that were turned into naval ships the day war was declared. There are no minesweepers like the Clyde paddle-boats. Some have been sunk, some wrecked, some damaged. But Glasgow just pulls up its slacks and goes and builds more and better ones.

The companies that own these ships are making big preparations for the war's end. Turbine steamers. And maybe you don't know that there is a wee ship still running about the Clyde that has the original model engines that were later built into the "Lusitania"!

Who built the "Queen Mary"? Who built the "Queen Elizabeth," the "Queen Mary" the world's fastest ship in the world? Man, the Nazis have been trying to sink her ever since she headed out of the Clyde. If you can name a city that turns out better engineers than Glasgow, then Glasgow would like to hear your impudence! Hoots!

They are sitting up in Glasgow, these days, the men who govern the city and the Clyde, thinking out big schemes for the boys when they return from the war, and planning that Glasgow should more and more be first as well as Second City in efficiency and comfort. Dash it, the Glasgow tramcars were the model of every city on earth that wanted tramcars.

Let Glasgow Flourish. By the preaching of the Word? Well, Glasgow will Flourish. Where's my umbrella. There comes the rain again. Aye, aye.



Every Sailor is Sto. George Lord

THERE is a dog waiting at 38 Wall Street, Islington, N.1, who thinks that every sailor she sees is you, Stoker George Lord. We don't quite know what Prince says to them, but your mother assures us that your dog is very fond of sailors.

She is, of course, keeping very well, but so, for that matter, are your mother and father and sisters Joyce and Doris. And, George, there's another Joyce waiting for you to come home; but we presume you already know that. If you don't, then you should.

The last time your mother heard from Jimmy Gamage was a few weeks ago, when he was in the best of health, and it was only recently that she met Taffy, who also reported fit.

"Boss" has been asking after you, and it might be a good idea to drop in to see him when you get the chance—that is, if you are not too busy visiting the Sea Cadets.

You must also find the time to drop into the "Perce," where Mrs. Coppin has a few pints lined up for you, or so she told us.

Anyway, George, she joins the rest of the family in sending you her regards, and all are hoping to see you soon. Don't forget, George, Prince will be looking out for her sailor master.



Raspberries
are our
favourite
fruit

So write and tell us
what you really think
about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—

"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

Truth is said to be stranger than fiction, but sometimes fiction is more entertaining as little Tommy proved when he got the intruder to act the part of a fictional burglar and say his piece according to the formula set down by the novelists. Story by O. HENRY

Tommy's Burglar

AT ten o'clock p.m., Felicia, the maid, left by the basement door with the policeman to get a raspberry phosphate around the corner. She detected the policeman and objected earnestly to the arrangement. She pointed out, not unreasonably, that she might have been allowed to fall asleep over one of St. George Rathbone's novels on the third floor, but she was overruled. Raspberries and cops were not created for nothing.

The burglar got into the house without much difficulty; because we must have action and not too much description in a 2,000-word story.

In the dining-room he opened the slide of his dark lantern. With a brace and centre-bit he began to bore into the lock of the silver-closet.

Suddenly a click was heard. The room was flooded with electric light. The dark velvet portieres parted to admit a fair-haired boy of eight in pink pyjamas, bearing a bottle of olive oil in his hand.

"Are you a burglar?" he asked, in a sweet, childish voice.

"Listen to that," exclaimed the man, in a hoarse voice. "Am I a burglar? Wot do you suppose I have a three-days' growth of bristly beard on my face for, and a cap with flaps? Give me the oil, quick, and let me grease the bit, so I won't wake up your mamma, who is lying down with a headache, and left you in charge of Felicia, who has been faithless to her trust."

"Oh, dear," said Tommy, with a sigh. "I thought you

would be more up-to-date. This oil is for the salad when I bring lunch from the pantry for you."

"Be quiet," hissed the burglar, under his breath. "If you raise an alarm I'll wring your neck like a rabbit's."

"Like a chicken's," corrected Tommy. "You had that wrong. You don't wring rabbits' necks."

"Aren't you afraid of me?" asked the burglar.

"You know I'm not," answered Tommy. "Don't you suppose I know fact from fiction. If this wasn't a story I'd yell like an Indian when I saw you; and you'd probably tumble downstairs and get pinched on the sidewalk."

"I see," said the burglar, "that you're on to your job. Go on with the performance."

Tommy seated himself in an armchair and drew his toes up under him.

"Why do you go around robbing strangers, Mr. Burglar? Have you no friends?"

"I see what you're driving at," said the burglar, with a dark frown. "It's the same old story. Your innocence and childish insouciance is going to lead me back into an honest life. Every time I crack a crib where there's a kid around, it happens."

"Would you mind gazing with wolfish eyes at the plate of cold beef that the butler has left on the dining table?"

said Tommy. "I'm afraid it's growing late."

The burglar accommodated.

"Poor man," said Tommy, "you must be hungry. If you will please stand in a listless attitude I will get you something to eat."

The boy brought a roast chicken, a jar of marmalade, and a bottle of wine from the pantry. The burglar seized a knife and fork sullenly.

"It's only been an hour," he grumbled, "since I had a lobster and a pint of musty ale up on Broadway. I wish these story writers would let a fellow have a pepsin tablet, anyhow, between feeds."

"Why do you burgle houses?" asked the boy, wonderingly.

"Because," replied the burglar, with a sudden flow of tears, "God bless my little brown-haired girl Bessie at home."

"Ah," said Tommy, wrinkling his nose, "you got that answer in the wrong place. You want to tell your hard-luck story before you pull out the child stop."

"Oh, yes," said the burglar. "I forgot."

Tommy looked his admiration. "You're on, all right," he said.

"And there's a mistake you've made," said the burglar. "You should have gone some time ago and brought me the \$9 gold-piece your mother gave you on your birthday to take

to Bessie."

"But she didn't give it to me to take to Bessie," said Tommy, pouting.

"Come, come," said the burglar sternly. "It's not nice of you to take advantage because the story contains an ambiguous sentence. You know what I mean."

"It's mighty little I get out of these fictional jobs, anyhow. I lose all the loot, and I have to reform every time, and all the swag I'm allowed is the blamed little fold-erols and luck-pieces that you kids hand over."

"Why, in one story, all I got was a kiss from a little girl who came in on me when I was opening a safe. And it tasted of molasses candy, too. I've a good notion to tie this table-cover over your head and keep on into the silver-closet."

"Oh, no, you haven't," said Tommy, wrapping his arms around his knees. "Because if you did no editor would buy the story. You know you've got to preserve the unities."

"So've you," said the burglar, rather glumly. "Instead of sitting here talking impudence and taking the bread out of a poor man's mouth, what you'd like to be doing is hiding under the bed and screeching at the top of your voice."

"You're right, old man," said Tommy heartily. "I wonder what they make us do it for? I think the S.P.C.C. ought

to interfere. I'm sure it's neither agreeable nor usual for a kid of my age to butt in when a full-grown burglar is at work and offer him a red sled and a pair of skates not to awaken his sick mother. And look how they make the burglars act! You'd think editors would know—but what's the use?"

The burglar wiped his hands on the table cloth and arose with a yawn.

"Well, let's get through with it," he said. "God bless you, my little boy! You have saved a man from committing a crime this night."

"Bessie shall pray for you as soon as I get home and give her orders. I shall never burglarise another house—at least, not until the June magazines are out. It'll be your little sister's turn then to run in on me while I am abstracting the U.S. 4 per cent. from the tea urn and buy me off with her coral necklace and a false-to kiss."

"You haven't got all the kicks coming to you," sighed Tommy, crawling out of his chair. "Think of the sleep I'm losing. But it's tough on both of us, old man. I wish you could get out of the story and really rob somebody. Maybe you'll have the chance if they dramatise us."

"Never!" said the burglar gloomily. "Between the box office and my better impulses that your leading juveniles are

supposed to awaken and the magazines that pay on publication, I guess I'll always be broke."

"I'm sorry," said Tommy sympathetically. "But I can't (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A thirl is a wooden thimble, dance, perforation, female thrush, fish?
2. What is meant by the timbre of a musical note?
3. What is the difference between (a) auger, (b) augur?
4. What is the meaning of the names (a) Edward, (b) Esau?
5. What are the other common names of the plant, Virgin's bower?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and way?—Lead, Straw, Stone, Slate, Copper, Hay, Brick.

Answers to Quiz in No. 625

1. Musical instrument.
2. 90 lb.
3. (a) Beginning, (b) wild marjoram (plant).
4. (a) Proud chieftain, (b) well-beloved.
5. Willow-herb.
6. Castor is a second-magnitude star; others are first magnitude.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



THE "Royal Express Inn," Bourne's Bank, Burslem, has plainly a coaching sign, though the house does not appear in the list of inns in Burslem in coaching days. There was an alehouse on or near the same spot in 1750, but the name of the sign is not known. In 1802 coaches left Burslem at six o'clock every morning for London and Liverpool.

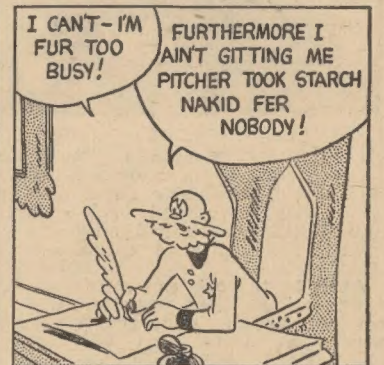
In 1817 the "Prince Saxe Cobourg" ("only four inside") left the "Crown" in Liverpool every morning at seven, and arrived in London at the "Swan with Two Necks" "the following day at three o'clock precisely!" It reached Burslem from Congleton at 1.30, stayed forty minutes for the passengers' dinner, and set off again for Stone at 2.10. Other coaches included the "Night Post," the "Regulator," the "Hero," the "Independent Potter," and the "Sovereign." In 1828 the "Royal Express" ran every evening to London via Stone, and every day at 12.30 by Lawton and Knutsford to Manchester. The house is, of course, called after the coach last-named, and is certainly as old as 1828.

BRISTOL has suffered another severe and crippling loss. That majestic building, Colston Hall, has been destroyed by fire, adding to the desolation so savagely wrought by the Luftwaffe.

This is the second time within living memory that Colston Hall has been destroyed in this way. Gone, too, is the beautiful organ so well known to the people of Bristol and music lovers all over the world. The loss of Colston Hall is a serious blow to Bristol at a time when, as a centre of amusement and culture, it contributed much to the high morale shown by the people of Bristol in this sixth year of war. Some of the events billed for Colston Hall were held at the Central Hall in Old Market. But in the plan for the Bristol of the future we may be assured that the new Colston Hall will rank high as fulfilling a necessary part of the city's cultural life.

An ultra-modern woman is one who, seeing the wolf at the door, is reminded that she needs a new fur coat.

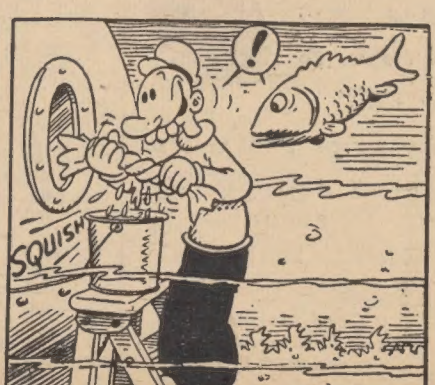
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



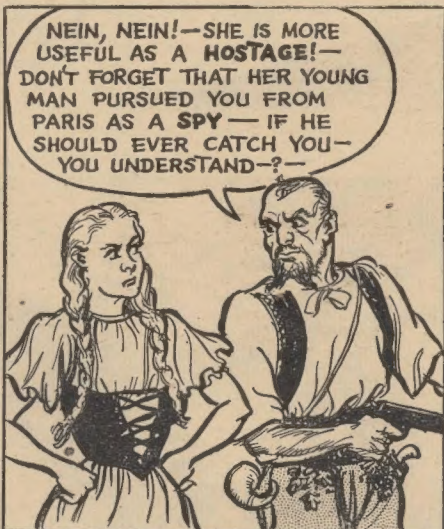
Wangling Words No. 565

1. Behead to yell and get a tool.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Now nerve tanif raif dima rehat.**
3. What famous explorer had KL for the exact middle of his name?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: **Was the fieldsman's — — risking an extra run?**

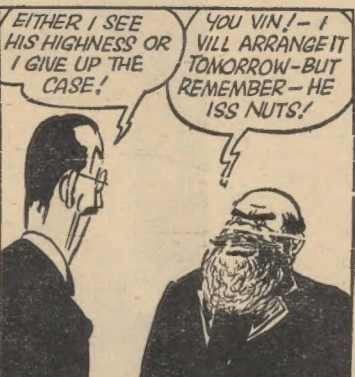
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 564

1. W-all.
2. When work is done the pipe don't shun.
3. HuDSon.
4. Last Salt.

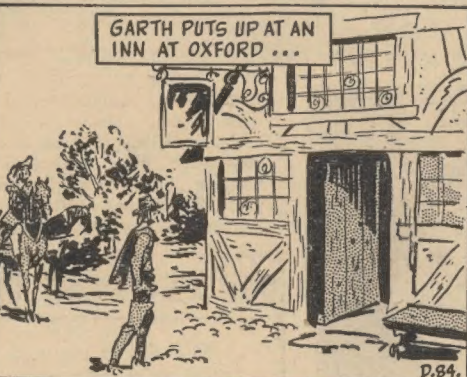
JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



3. Compound of metals.
4. Serving as a base.
5. A seaside pleasure.
6. Extensive barren wastes.
7. Reservedly, cautiously.

TRY YOUR HAND.

1						
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						

(Solution in No. 627)

PUZZLE CORNER

1. When Yvonne said "Sta-build nests with hay, all birds' tionery," Cuthbert said "Dairy." nests contain feathers, and some What word linked these two hay comes from haystacks, is it ideas in Cuthbert's mind? necessarily true that haystacks do not supply building for (a) animals, (b) birds, and that (c) no- animals build nests with feathers?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Tall, Short, Wide, Thin, Worn, Thick, Long, High.
3. R.A.F. is to the Royal Flying Corps what the Army is to the: Home Guard, Navy, R.A.F., Police Force?
4. If we call miles days, feet minutes, and shillings beers, how many beers would you need at one beer per minute to get seven days of mail-bag-ging?
5. Rearrange the following words to make sense, and correct the statement if it is false: Was Mandalay time of long India a capital the ago.
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Ox, Heifer, Cal, Cow, Bull, Stallion, Bullock.
7. If some animals never

WHO IS IT ?

When you have filled in the missing words according to the clues given below, you will find that the centre column down gives you the name of a famous Russian novelist.

1. The name of a colouring substance.
2. Distant.

Red Lions and Bears

THE finest way to learn geography is to buy a bicycle and take the lessons at first-hand. It has been done, with advantage, by venture-some Englishmen all over the world. The counsel applies equally to history, nor need one leave these shores to indulge, at least for many a fruitful year.

There is history a-plenty in the creak of every inn sign. For although the building owning it may come tumbling down with age, the sign itself goes on for ever. We were speaking last time of the "Red Lion" at Aldgate.

The body of the original "Red Lion" sign has long since disappeared, but thousands of Red Lions up and down the country proclaim the age when the lord of the manor was indeed LORD of the manor, when the peasantry were his serfs and soldiers, and even the taverns adopted an emblem from his coat of arms.

There are, similarly, the Bulls, Boars, Stags, Hinds, and, of course, scores of others. But perhaps the most historically significant of them all is the Bear, the ancient badge of the Earls of Warwick and of Leicester.

Nearly always the sign denoted proximity to a one-time bear garden or bear stake, as at the "Bear Inn," Southgate—a pub so old that a poem of 1691 called it "the first house in Southgate built after the Flood."

J. M. Michaelson

CROSS-WORD CORNER

HECKLE DIMS
AXIOM
SPINNY BLUE
HOP LED ODE
R FOREGO L
STRAP CUSHY
O AGENCY A
IMP SEA BIB
LAIR ANGOLA
ERNEST NOES
DEEP HOUNDS

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11		12		
13						14		
15			16		17	18		
			19		20			
21	22		23				24	25
	26	27						
28				29	30		31	
32					33		34	
35		36		37				
38						39		

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Plant. 5 Badgered. 10 Stir up. 12 Alkali. 13 Throw. 14 Play on words. 15 Written message. 16 Young animal. 18 Spice. 19 Band of decoration. 21 Number. 23 Limitation. 24 Doctor. 26 Had a game. 28 Congress. 29 Row. 31 Printer's copy. 32 Male animal. 33 Square solids. 35 On the surface. 37 Dress. 38 Kindly. 39 Print as before.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Occur. 2 Boy's name. 3 Nonsense. 4 Male deer. 5 Remain. 6 Exists. 7 Precious stone. 8 Brought out. 9 European. 11 Deceitful. 17 Parched. 18 Paid up. 20 Accuse. 22 Sleep-inducer. 23 Perched. 25 Apple. 27 Fruit. 28 Dull. 30 Small coal. 31 Sheer. 34 Portion. 35 Three and a bit. 37 One.

Good Morning

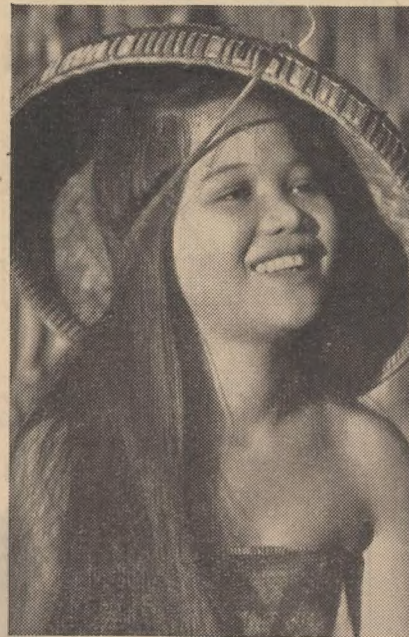
SECRET WEAPON. Hundreds of copies of this pin-up of Frances Vorne, "the shape," are being dropped by Yank fliers on Jap troops. On the back is this message in Japanese: "Eat your hearts out you monkeys, here's what we're fighting for." Expect the Jap war to end any day now!



RUNNING REPAIRS. First we had the woman "backseat driver." Then she took the wheel into her own hands. And *now* we must be prepared for the woman who can do repairs better than mere man. Just listen to this: "It's not the cotter pin, you sap, it's the packing in the split ring gasket." You have been warned!



If a man can tell White Horse Whisky blindfold, can a brown mare tell a white horse with blinkers on? We leave it to you, chums—but don't write to us about it!



Our roving cameraman put in a day's hard work trying to date up this beautiful Borneo girl. That's how the legend of the Wild Man of Borneo started!

We believe there's no such thing as a bad pub any more than there's such a thing as bad beer, it's just that some are better than others—like the Catherine Wheel at Albury, Herts, f'r instance.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I've put in many a night's hard work myself."

